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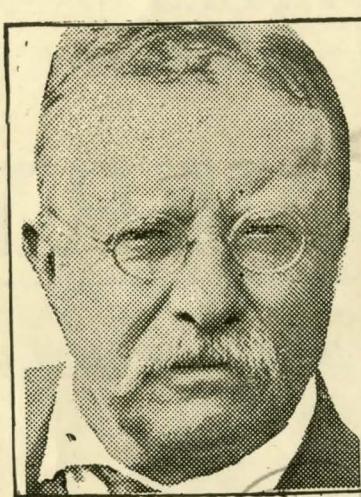
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417 MAIN ST.

THE SPIRIT

VOL. 8 AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 8

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MARCH 3, 1919

10c a Copy

Literary Issue

Published Quarterly

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STENOGRAPHERS

Ames High School Stands for Achievement, Happiness, Success

EDITORIALS

A WAR ORPHAN FOR A. H. S.

We, as a nation who have lived so far away from the actual battle fields and who, now that the war is over, have been able so easily to drop back into normal life again, find it hard to realize that conditions in France and Belgium are still

such as must move us to pity. The number of orphans is appalling. Many children, whose fathers have been killed in battle, cannot remain with their mothers who work but earn insufficient money,—unless some outside help is given. For this reason, individuals and organizations

in America are adopting war orphans for the period of one year. It costs just \$36 to enable a mother to keep her baby or little child with her instead of putting it into an institution. It costs just \$36 to keep a little French child from being hungry or cold or lonely for one year. What do you say to Ames High School's adopting a French war orphan? Mr. Steffey that the different organizations of the school can afford to contribute enough to cover the expense. The Spirit is anxious to do its share. If you are in favor of adopting a war orphan, won't you talk about it in the organization to which you belong?

REAL THANKSGIVING

Although this is not Thanksgiving, Ames High has much to be thankful for. Most of you ask why?

Did you ever stop to think that Ames High has had fifty men in the service? Most of them have been over seas, and yet in spite of the number of brave boys we have sent we have not a single golden star in our service flag which floats so proudly in the auditorium. This is a very unusual circumstance—for a school to send so many and lose none. Therefore Ames High is thankful to have most of them back, and many ready to take up their former work in high school.

AN ART CLUB AT A. H. S.

Those of you who have ever been on the Spirit Staff will know how hard it is to get drawings and cartoons for the Spirit.

This year we have an especially talented Art Editor, but he hasn't any artists to cooperate with him. Therefore, the whole burden of all of the drawings falls upon the Art Editor. As most of you know there are quite a few to be made, with the literary editions and the annual.

From this need we have concluded that it would be a great benefit to the school to have an art club, with a separate teacher for that work.

A class in art would also be of advantage to the individual, for art is something practical. It is used everywhere—in offices, in homes, in the designing of clothes and other things too numerous to mention.

How you envy some girl that has such becoming dresses, so original in design, so unique in color combinations—dresses with some simple little touch lifts a garment out of the ordinary to the "sought after" kind.—Of course, this paragraph does not interest the boys very much, but, boys, our most famous costume designers are men, you know. Then, besides, there could be a cartoon division which would more than likely interest the boys.

For the good of the school and for the sake of the individual who has talent and wants training, boost for an art class in Ames High next year.

TRIALS

What a fine setting for a detective drama! !

The Scene. Room 206, a certain High School Building, somewhere in the U. S. A.

The Time: 4:30 Friday afternoon of a dark and gloomy day, on which the material for a noted and famous publication was called for 3:40.

The Characters: (or in other words, the editors and editoresses of the afore mentioned publication). Seated around, morose and downhearted. They feel as the day looks. The tempers are none too sweet and the tension is about to snap.

The leading man speaks: "I must have the material right now. The printers won't accept it any later."

The director: "But, Leslie, we don't have it. What are you going to do Fern," and her forefinger shoots out in the direction of the above mentioned young lady (who also happens to be leading lady) "where is that article that ----- was supposed to write?"

Fern, wearily, "I'm sure I don't know. I've spoken to her twice a day ever since I first asked her to write it, and she promised faithfully to have it in this evening."

The Director: "Well, I suppose we can look over what material we have. If we don't have it we can't print it. I suppose as usual, we will have to extend the time until Monday noon and have the "Spirit" out a day late, also as usual."

Leading Man. (Not overly keen about

the matter) "Alright I suppose so this time." (And we might add that each time seems to be "This time.")

Long silence ensues, during which only loud ticking of the clock can be heard (if the clock was in working order.)

Leading Lady: "Miss Coskery, can you make this out?"

Deep perusal by Miss C., then the other members present are asked to lend their detective ability. At the end of five minutes the mystery is still unsolved. Someone, evidently in a hurry and having no thought for others has written his contribution in pencil which has become smeared. It is written on both sides. Here, a word is scratched out, and there, is one inserted in a space so small that it must necessarily be cramped and illegible to anyone but the author, and more than likely to him after an hour has passed.

This is only one of many. Everyone does not have all of the mistakes. Some are in fine condition but many are fierce.

Of course it is not intentional on the part of the students to always get articles in late, and when they are in, to have them written so poorly that they can not be deciphered. But, don't you like to have your "Spirit" out on time? Surely you have as much time as the rest of us. Please help not only the staff, but yourself and the school by getting your material in on schedule time and writing it neatly and legibly. If possible have it typewritten, double spaced. If this is not possible, have it written in ink, on one side of the paper only. If you wish to take out a word here, and put one in there, well and good, but don't, please, hand it in that way. Make a recopy. Surely you have as much time as the next person.

There, we thought you would when you understood the circumstances.

THANK YOU.**STUDENT OPINION****HELP!**

By A. Girl

Say, do you know I'm in a pickle! It isn't a dill or sweet one either. It's sour! This is it: I'm head over heels in love with dancing. I'm not such an Irene Castle either—but who knows I might be,

with a little education along that line. But the main point is, how can I dance? Not only the first person singular, but also the first person plural (there are many in the same boat with me). When and where can we dance? Our gym floor is a mighty nice one—and after school until some indefinite parting hour would suit a lot of us girls fine. And you know our talented A. H. S. has innumerable good musicians—and by changing a fee for admission we might be able to have our "baby grand" fixed up or something. The rest would be easy, I am sure. Now please everybody, boost!

JUST GIRLS

By Leeta Starr

We girls can not go any place,
We're kicked out of the gym,
Because the boys just wanted it,
They wouldn't let us in.

They say the auditorium's ours
But at "one," each day,
A teacher comes, and out we go
With scarcely a delay.

The rest room is a private place,
Enjoyment just for few,
We can't stand on the second floor,
So now what shall we do?

CAN'T AFFORD IT

Phil: "I know a fellow who was once hurt in a Ford."

Bill: "Oh well, he ought to know better than to ride in one of those things."

Teacher in Civics class: "What is common property?"

Bright Pupil: "Matches, cigarettes and umbrellas."

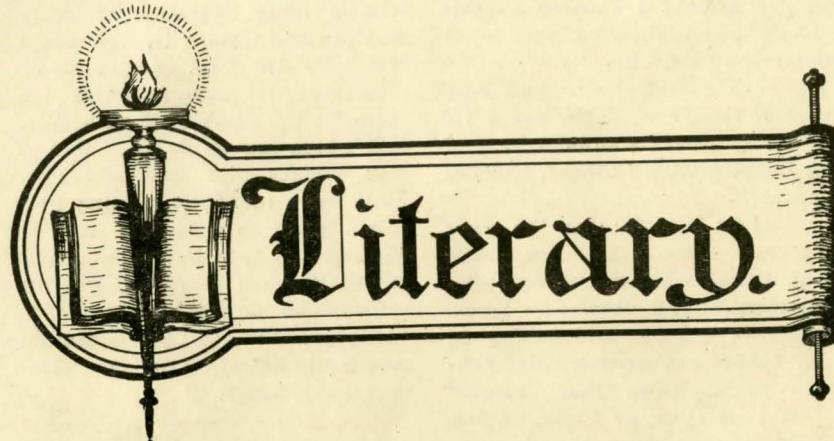
DID HE MEAN IT?

Tom: "I live near you now. Just across the river."

Tim: "That's good, drop in some time."

WE SECOND THE MOTION

Perhaps some jokes are old
And should be on the shelf,
But if you know some better ones
Send in a few yourself.—Ex,

**POETRY CONTEST**

Those in charge of the poetry contest certainly appreciate the splendid response to their call for poems and thank every one who had any part in making it a success.

It was a very difficult task to judge the poems because there was such a large amount of good material. However, after a great deal of work and debate, the committee has come to the following decision: Serious class—Lorraine Caul, first; Harriet Tilden, second; James Bissell and Garnett Ellett, honorable mention. Humorous class—Raymond Byrnes, first; Faye Caul, second; Harriett Schleiter, Richard Beckman, Ted Kooser, and Zelma Holmes, honorable mention. Parody class—June Bishop, first; Lowell Hauser, second; Eleanor Murray, honorable mention.

Three percent on the English grade will be given to those in the first and second place which are in this number and also to those who received honorable mention but whose poems will be printed later.

FIRST PRIZE—SERIOUS CLASS**THE EVENING HOUR****By Lorraine Caul**

When the evening shadows gather
And the twilight falls,
Then it is that Mammy Easter
Comes to the door and calls.

"Time to go to sleep-land, honey,
Time t'say you' prayers,"

So in comes little Betty
And slowly climbs the stairs.

With the simple duties ended,
And when the prayers are said,
The twilight falls upon two figures
On a black and golden head.

Many a quaint old tale is chanted,
Many a wonder-story told
Of fairies, elves, and goblins,
Of bears and lions bold.

But soon another joins them
Creeping in the open door,
'Tis the Sandman, "sure as certain"
Crossing, stealthily, the floor.

Now the golden head droops lower,
As Mammy hums a song,
And Betty is in Dreamland
Playing with a happy throng.

SECOND PRIZE—SERIOUS CLASS**"TWAS EVER THUS"****By Harriet Tilden**

She told us the loveliest things to write,
Of fairies and friends and flowers bright,
Of happy songsters that swayed to and fro'
On the highest branch where the breezes
blow.

We all had sweet visions of poetry rare,
That would charm every heart with its mu-
sic so fair,
But somehow those fancies we thot were
so fine,

Got twisted and tangled and just wouldn't
rhyme.

FIRST PRIZE—HUMOROUS CLASS**THE HOUR OF REST****By Raymond Byrnes**

It is in the fourth period English class in
a room so dark and drear;
Where all they talk about is Milton, Bacon,
and Bill Shakespeare.
There the learned all assemble, Lydia,
Grace and Robert too,
And endeavor to conjecture how the an-
cient classics grew.

Soon we hear a muffled whisper in the
corner of the room,
Coskery merely lifts her head! Lo! 'tis
silent as the tomb.
From below we hear the voices of the
furnace, gym. and hall,
'Till a noisy freight comes passing, then
we hear them not at all.

If the sun is shining brightly, on these
dreary prison walls,
Soon a beam or two comes creeping, 'till
upon my desk it falls,
There it seems to wish to linger, lighting
up the sombre page
Written by the feeble finger of some old
and learned sage.

Now and then a horse comes trotting up
the pavement to the west,
Bringing back to me the memories of that
sport I loved the best.
Then all thots of studies vanish and my
mind is wont to stray
To that land of dreams and romance, past
the mountains, far away.

Sharply then I drop from dreamland when
she ask in accents stern,
'Who was it that wrote 'his story? Whom
and what does it concern?'
Then I lean upon the desk top and dis-
course in accents bold
How Bill Shakespeare's "Pilgrim's Pro-
gress" was the best poem ever sold.

That the mighty learned Milton, when he
wrote "Evangeline,"

Made a work of lasting value, read up to
the present time.

Then the bell rings out so clearly, and I
thank it from my soul
For it pul's me at the right time from
a deep and dangerous hole.

SECOND PRIZE—HUMOROUS CLASS**FRESHMAN WOES****By Faye Caul**

We've been studying "Treasure Island."
And in the front you'll see
About the life of Stevenson,
Who wrote stories and poetry;
I thing it must have affected her
For what do you thing she's said,
That we shall all turn into Stevensons,
And write poems as he did.

I've thought till my brain is weary,
I've worked 'till my pencil is dull,
But I cannot thing of a subject
About which I can write at all.
There are many things I could write about
Such as "Fame" or "A Day in May;"
But they're so old that I do not think
It proper to use them today.

I expect some could write as Poe did
In "Quoth the Raven 'Never More,'"
And some could write like Riley
in his sweet love stories of yore,
And even Longfellow's "Evangeline"
some could imitate if they chose;
But I am only a freshman
And can write nothing, as everyone knows.

FIRST PRIZE—PARODY CLASS**THE CUP OF POISON****By June Bishop**

"All through the silence of the glens,
The Sun his parting message sends,
As from the eastward comes the moon,
And from the lake is heard the loon;
The dew is falling lightly now,
And homeward comes the peaceful cow,
Though calm and tranquil be the night,
And though the moon sends silver light,
'Tis but the shine on conflict bold,
Worse than a minstrel ever told:
There are two knights—Sir John and
James
That soon will fight for worldly fames;
For James insulted John, the brave,

Ten miles from here in Domber Cave.
Then John behaved as it is right,
And challenged James to come and fight.
He has accepted—coward! thief!
Though trembling like an aspen leaf.
"My John could easily o'er throw
This James, but I fear other foe
Has helped a wicked scheme to plan
To kill my John and take his land."
This Lady Margaret fearfully quoth
As if to say it she was loath.
"I fear also," a maid replied,
"For from the hill I saw James ride,
And in his hand he held the glass,
Of poison, that has killed a mass
Of people, in some nearby towns
Of knights and ladies and of clowns.
Your John will drink this, are my fears.
And make us shed some bitter tears."
"Oh, I must warn him!" Margaret cried:
Then she was gone for she had died
When Margaret reached John, Alas!
He lay quite near the poison glass.
When Margaret saw that he was dead,
"I'll drink the rest," was what she said.
"Farewell, dull life! I leave thee soon
I leave thee with the setting moon."

The funeral services were done,
When rising was the eastern sun,
And in one tomb the couple lay,
'Twas on the thirtieth of May.
Then suddenly awoke the knight,
And looked around for sun or light
Then did he call—the echoes rang
And from the depths a weak voice sang—
"Oh John! My dearest! Is that you?"
"Oh Lady Margaret! You here, too?"
"Oh John, my dearest—this dark room
Is in the graveyard. It's our tomb!"
"The poison was not strong, I see,
So only in a trance were we."
"Then, Margaret dear, we must get out.
My sword will serve as spade, no doubt."
After toiling many an hour
Through dirt, they say the Castle Tower
Then through the earth they forced their
way
And soon stood in the light of day.
Hand in hand they walked to the King,
And then were married with a ring.
When wicked James saw John and wife,
From his old blouse he drew a knife,

Deep he plunged it into his breast,
And John and Margaret were at rest.
"The night is calm and peaceful, dear,
And we have shed no bitter tear.
Now to our castle let us go
For now we have no lurking foe."

SECOND PRIZE—PARODY CLASS
THE BALLAD OF THE SUBMARINE

By Lowell Houser

It was a German submarine,
That sailed the ocean waves;
Its captain was a devil sure,
Its crew were thieving knaves.

These seamen lived upon their theft,
They robbed the fishermen,
They sank all ships upon the sea
No matter where or when.

It sank the ships of grain and food
Far, far beneath the foam;
It sank the ships of wounded men
Who were returning home.

And they were cruel as men could be;
They were so cruel and low
They sank the ships; they killed the men,
No matter friend or foe.

And now there came the good ship "Maine"
That sailed the ocean wide;
It carried food for starving men,
For neutrals o'er the tide

But when the captain of the sub
Did hear of the ship "Maine,"
He laughed and so said he, "We'll sink
This ship in shine or rain."

So they sank the ship that carried food
For men both weak and strong,
Whom hunger held in her tight grasp
Of pain and suffering long.

But now the spirits of the sea,
From seven seas came they,
To plan where with to end this sub,
The fear of sea and bay.

Said they, "We'll sink this submarine
That sank the ships of grain;
We'll sink the crew, the captain, too,
Who caused both sin and pain."

But still the submarine sailed on,
And did not seem to tire;
But soon with fire and molten rock,
With molten rock and fire
The submarine was buried deep,
Entombed in crater's mire.

WHAT IS SUCCESS.

By Joan Parsons

What is success? The dictionary tells us that it is a prosperous course or termination of anything attempted.

When we think of success, what first enters our minds? I believe usually we imagine something great that we shall have sometime in the future. Everyone of us say we hope to be successful and fully plan to be successful. But after all, is that the real thing? Aren't we planning on something that we're going to be dreadfully disappointed in, because it's not coming, all of a sudden some bright day?

Turn back to our definition—A prosperous course or termination of anything attempted. We are attempting something every day. If it turns out prosperous, then it is a success; but what if it doesn't turn out prosperous? Is it a failure? Not until we ourselves have made it so by giving up. Just so long as we keep on trying and not letting any little thing discourage us, we are achieving success. We add one more success to our list by mastering each little task that is ours to do, and not shaking it off, saying, "I can't." The person who lacks ambition, or is so afraid of his job, or who is a shirker, will soon, if he doesn't already, know that is not a success.

Success, then, is something that we either are or are not getting each day, instead of something that is just coming our way by fortune's kind hand some day in the future.

SUCCESS

By Robert Murray

Everyone wants success. There is not much dispute on that point. The point of difference is on the definition of success.

True success does not consist of fame or money alone, but with these things must be combined something greater—the

thought that one has done his best; that he has made the world happier or better by his having lived in it. A man may not have achieved either wealth or fame but still may have acquired success. He may be in poor circumstances and his name may never have been heard outside of his home town but still he may have done his little share by making the world a better place to live in.

Every person's duty is to do the very most he possibly can. Shelley did not exaggerate when he said that the Almighty has given men arms long enough to reach the stars if they would only put them out. Nothing is impossible! As Napoleon said, the word, impossible is to be found only in the dictionary of fools. If a person will exert himself to the utmost there is no limit to the height of greatness which he may reach.

BENNY 'N BUD.

By Marjorie Beam

"Say, Benny, what're we going to do this Hallowe'en?" suddenly inquired Benny's chum, who was formally nick-named "Bud."

"I know where we can get some pumpkins tha—"

"Aw, pumpkins!" Bud cut in disgustedly, "we don't want anything as tame as jack-o'-lanterns this year; I wanna have some fun!"

"Then think up your own fun, and have it, for all I apprehensability." This last remark from Benny sounded as though it came from frozen depths; and Benny thought it very cutting, especially with the last word added on. But it was all wasted, for Bud was thinking deeply and had not heard it.

The two boys were in the Borden's garage (Benny's father's) when this conversation took place, so when a shrill voice called, "Benny," from the Borden's back door, that boy could easily hear it and had to report for duty immediately.

This left Bud to do the planning for that all-important night, and he started home so deeply in thought that he bumped into old Professor Higgins, and made him spill all of his books. But Bud was not a bad little nine-year-old, so he picked

up all of the old gentleman's books for which he received thanks; consequently all the rest of the way home he walked with his head in the clouds—it never occurred to him that he was the cause of the accident.

On reaching home, however, he found he wasn't such a little hero as he had thought. He was cordially greeted by his sister with "Bud Wilson! you better beat that rug or mother will do some beating on her own account." Wasn't she a pest?

So while he was pounding away on that rug, he constructed a plan and O, it was a dandy!

That afternoon he related it to Benny, very whisperingly and excitedly. Benny was delighted with it, but also allowed a cold shiver to chase itself from his ears to his toes.

From then until Hallowe'en the boys thought of nothing but the fun they were going to have; and the amount of work that they completed was astonishingly small and unsatisfactory. One day Benny was supposed to buy some cotton thread No. 40, for his mother. Instead, he bought four loaves of bread which made his mother very angry and Benny very tired, for he had to carry it all back to town again.

But at last October 30th arrived! At dark that evening, Benny went to Wilson's for Bud, and a few minutes later they emerged from the house with a dusty, oblong box, carried between them. They cut across lots until they came to a lane at the edge of town. This lane was very dark, as it had high bushes and trees on each side; and Bud and Benny felt very weak and small and a little bit scared! when they came to it.

But they knew that plenty of fun was ahead, so they forgot their troubles. In a few minutes they set the box down.

"We better hurry," said Bud, "cause he might come before we're ready." Benny nervously whispered, "you open it. I don't know how." But Bud wasn't afraid, he had done it before, and has seen his father do it many times. He pulled back the cover. Benny yelled. "You girl, quit your yelling," scolded Bud. "Do you want to get found out?" Benny agreed

that he didn't, and subsided, feeling sheepish but still scared, for all that.

The next move Bud made was to remove the contents of the box. It was a really, truly skeleton, and it belonged to Bud's father, who used it in his practice as a doctor.

With a few shivers they hung it to a low limb of a tree, and with a great many more, they looked at it after their work was completed.

Then they hid the box and themselves. Bud got behind a bush directly behind the shimmery white thing, and Benny got behind a tree at a little distance away.

"Ma says he's got superstitions," whispered Benny, after a whole period of ten seconds had elapsed.

"Aw, that's nuthin'," Bud returned, in a low voice. "I've heard he's got fl—cooties; and that's a lot worse," he triumphantly ended. Benny was trying to think of something Sid had that was worse yet, when Bud suddenly exclaimed, "Here he comes!" And sure enough, they could hear the dead leaves and twigs crunching under the progress of Sid's heavy boots.

On he came. It seemed to the boys that they would burst with excitement. When he was only a few feet away Sid was still swinging his milk pails with a nonchalance that grieved the boys. What if he should go past? But they didn't have time to worry, for all of a sudden bang! went six empty pails in all directions and Sid stood still as a statue. When the pails stopped making a racket, and Bud subdued his snickers, he whispered a cold, shivery "Halt!"

Now Sid couldn't have been any more still, but Bud had learned his speech, and that was what he was supposed to say first.

At that command Sid became rather nervous. His knees shook so that Benny thought he would sit down, and tears glistened on his unshaved cheeks. Just then a little breeze moved the branch on which the skeleton was fastened, and O, it wiggled deliciously!

"Granny!" shrieked the terrified man—"I'll—buy—it—tomorrow!" And then he ran. He flew. His feet did not touch the ground he went so fast.

Benny, watching the fast disappearing

man, started to yell, "You forgot your milk pails," and then he thought he hadn't better, while Bud was lamenting the fact that he didn't get to say his well practiced speech.

They didn't have long to wait before he was entirely gone, and then they came out and hastily prepared to leave. Neither said much, and both were pretty well frightened. It was surprising how their little episode had turned out, when they had expected so much fun.

It wasn't until they got to their own neighborhood again that they saw the funny side. Bud laughed. "He thought it was his granny," and Benny said, "I wonder what he's going to buy?" They were still mystified when they parted.

The next day when Mr. Borden came home from the bank to dinner, he asked his wife, "What do you think happened at the bank this morning?"

"O, what was it?" eagerly asked Mrs. Borden. Benny, too, was interested.

"Miserly old Sid, out on the Ryan farm, came in and emptied his sack for a thousand dollar Liberty Bond."

"Well! I wonder what got into him," remarked his wife.

"O, his ancestors, I suppose," answered Benny, and strolled off to Bud's house.

A VALENTINE JOKE By Lura Woods

In a pleasant living room were seated two young girls merrily sorting out Valentines which they were getting ready to send. In another part of the room was seated a middle-aged lady knitting, watching the girls and listening to their gay chatter with a reminiscent smile in her eyes.

"Girls," said she, "those Valentines remind me of a funny incident of my boarding school days. Do you want to hear it?"

"Do we?"

"Well, I should say."

"It was near Valentine's day about forty-five years ago—it doesn't seem it—that a bunch of my girl friends and myself decided that life at the Seminary was getting to be too monotonous and that something had to be done immediately to relieve the awful deadness. Spreads and parties after lights held no appeal, due to the many

times we had been caught and punished by our matron, a cranky, long faced individual who always looked as if she had a secret sorrow. Her name was Miss Sadie Loungreace privately called Saddle Longface by us.

"None of us liked her very well. She had eyes that saw thru anything and seemed to have a mania for searching out our spreads.

"The only thing we could think of to relieve the monotony was to play some valentine jokes. So we bought two valentines. One was to be sent to Professor Harding, the Algebra teacher whom we knew to be Miss Loungreace's worst enemy, they not being on speaking terms even, and the other to Miss Loungreace. The latter was to be addressed in as good a man's hand writing as we could imitate and was to be signed—Professor Harding. The valentine we picked for this was one showing a pair of middle aged lovers holding hands beneath a bower of roses, and a verse below saying:

"Lovers two we've been for years,
Your hand always in mine,
Let the end be not in tears,
Art thou still my Valentine?"

The one to Professor Harding showed a picture of a girl making eyes at a handsome young man, and underneath was written:

"Love me in the morning,
Love me at the noon,
Love me any time at all,
But kindly love me soon."
This was signed—Miss Loungreace.

After they were sent we kept a perpetual eye on Miss Loungreace and Professor Harding to see the result of our prank. The next morning at breakfast the table was presided over by a more stern than ever Miss Loungreace, and we were careful to observe that a thin envelope addressed to Professor Harding lay on the table awaiting the postman. That afternoon a rather dazed looking professor taught our algebra class, and we laughed behind our hands when he became absent minded and said the cube of $2x$ was $6x^3$. Also that evening we were very much surprised and amused to see Professor Harding seated in the reception room when we

came up from dinner. All evening we kept as close an eye as possible on the reception room door which was closed. About three hours later they came out looking like a pair of lovesick kids.

"And after all, girls, do you know the joke was on us, for we found out afterwards from Miss Loungreace herself that they had been lovers years before and had quarreled and since then had not spoken. When she got the valentine she immediately sent for him to explain himself, and the result was to be seen when they were married in June and went away forever. But you know they never found out who sent those valentines. We wouldn't own up when we found out whom the joke was on."

"I wish something romantic would come out of some of these valentines. Wouldn't it be great?" said one of the girls.

THE QUEEN VALENTINE

By H. E. S. '20

The days had slipped past until it had come again, St. Valentine's Day.

In a window on Main street, stood a wonderful valentine. It was surrounded by many others of its kind, but none were so gorgeous as this queen of all valentines. Surely never before was there one with such an abundance of chubby cupids and ribbons and lace paper and hearts and flowers and flowers and flowers, to say nothing of the verses and innumerable little inscriptions. But the price,—the price was two and a half dollars! Who could hope to buy it?

It was "after school" and as usual the Queen Valentine was viewed by many eager childish eyes. There were many guesses as to who would be its proud owner. Few really hoped to get it but there was not a little girl in the group who did not have rosy dreams of seeing it marked with her name in "the valentine box" at school.

"I don't suppose I'll get it," said pretty little Marjory Smith, "but I know if I did, I'd like the boy who gave it to me best."

She looked shyly at Bobby as she spoke. At that moment he was fired with a high resolve. He would buy it for Marjory. Two and a half dollars—it was a small

sum to pay for the affections of a young lady of such popularity. He returned her look with a promising grin.

On reaching home he went immediately to his bank and emptied its contents on the floor. Seventy-eight cents. Not very much—but with a week to work in he would surely be able to earn the rest.

All the week he toiled at odd jobs for his maiden aunt with whom he lived, and for the neighbors. He watched the little pile of nickels and dimes and occasional quarters grow with a great joy.

Over and over he pictured the day when Marjory would open the big box and find The Valentine. She would know what a great sum it had cost. She would look at him and smile. But he would appear unconcerned, as though he always bought two and a half dollar valentines.

The day came at last. With a high heart Bobby climbed up on a chair and took his bank from the top of the dresser. It felt strangely light as he lifted it down but in his excitement he thought little of it. It was not until he opened it that he realized it was empty.

"Aunty," he cried, "someone has stolen my money. My money, someone has took my money. Aunty!"

His aunt came hurriedly into the room.

"Robert, listen my dear. I have a little surprise for you. Don't look so horrified. Come, sit here near me.

"You expect to go to college, of course. I was sure you would like to help so I put your money in the bank to start a fund for your education."

He sat stunned. Education! Education! What was an education compared with The Valentine? He ran out of the door and down the street.

It was too late now. He could never buy it. Gone were his rosy dreams of Marjory's pleasing smiles and—of, everything was wrong now.

Unconsciously he wandered towards the window where the Queen of Valentines stood in all its glory. As he gazed at it with hopeless longing a boy came down the street and walked into the store. It was "Sissy" Van Dyke arrayed in his stiff collar, flowing tie, and dark rimmed glasses.

Bob watched him as he walked importantly to the counter and spoke to the clerk who smilingly stepped toward the window and—took The Valentine away. "Sissy" paid the man and came out of the store.

"Who is that for?" demanded Bobby in an awful voice.

"Marjory Smith," answered "Sissy" with a superior smile and passed on.

"Sissy" Van Dyke going to give The Valentine to Marjory—to Marjory. It was almost more than he could bear. He plodded to school with murder in his heart, and took his place among his school mates without a glance at the expectant faces turned toward the valentine box.

The valentines were distributed and as he saw the big box containing The Valentine, handed to Marjory a lump came into his throat. He glared savagely out of the window trying to keep back the hot tears.

Marjory was probably smiling at "Sissy" as he had imagined she would smile at him. When the valentines were all distributed the teacher announced that there would be no school for the remainder of the afternoon. Still Bobby sat—a rigid little figure.

The children left the school house with noisy laughter, but Bobby did not move.

Then Marjory's soft little hand was placed on his shoulder; her soft little voice said in his ear, "I like you best, anyhow, Bobby."

Then she was gone. Bobby looked after her and shook his head and said, as men have said since the beginning of time, "I can't understand that girl."

REPENTING AT LEISURE

"Oh, girls, he proposed to me!" and Marian's voice resounded in one of those hoarse whispers a person uses when she is among several of her "dearest friends" and wants them all to hear (enough at least to make them ask questions) and yet wishes to make them think that only a certain one or two, more lucky (or unlucky, as some one who must always hear about those little things "that just make the thrills run up and down my spinal column") than the rest are to hear about this wonderful event, which in reality she is "just dying" to publish broadcast.

Never fear, she has gained the undivided attention of the group and all are thrilled and excited and more than one jealous and envious, tho the jealous one pretends to hide this fact by saying something hateful or acting indifferent and uninterested. Why shouldn't they be thrilled? What is a more interesting or thrilling subject to the feminine mind than that species of the human race, man, and what man more interesting than the one who is apt to "propose to me?" Why shouldn't they be excited? Isn't Marian their very own friend and the first one of "the bunch" to have such a wonderful experience? Why shouldn't some one be jealous? He may be the very he that several would like to have propose to them, and then of course there is always that one of many who is jealous of everything that happens to someone else and not to herself.

"Oh, Marian!" gasped Margaret, "I just knew Phil was going to do something desperate, his eyes looked so funny all day yesterday."

"Oh, quick, tell us all about it. How does it feel? What did he say?" demanded several girls at once.

"However could you wait until morning to tell us?" asked Jane who always liked to impart gossip almost before she heard it.

"Marian, what did you say?" asked Louise, "I just know I would have been so surprised I'd have simply collapsed right on the spot."

"Girls, do keep still so that Marian can tell us all about it," pleaded Alice, who was always so anxious for each little detail.

As is customary among a group of excited school girls, all chattering ceased at once, and absolute silence took its place.

Marian began with a pompous manner in a most patronizing and aggravatingly slow voice. "Well, you see, Phil came last night, and—."

"Oh, we all know that," interrupted Ruth. "You don't suppose you'd know he was coming and everyone in school wouldn't before the time came, do you? Tell us something we don't already know."

"Very well," replied Marian, haughtily, "if you don't care to listen—of course I'll not bother you anymore."

"Oh girls, don't stop to quarrel when such weighty subjects are hanging by such thin threads, (didn't Milton or someone say that?) Do go on, Marian. Don't mind Ruth. She didn't mean anything."

"Well," resumed Marian, only too anxious to tell it, "it was this way. You see ——really girls, I hardly know how it was. Only he was so adorably sweet about it and I was so——well you know, confused, and I guess he was too. Why, do you know what I said? I said, 'Oh, yes—that is—I don't know. I'll let you know later. Won't you please go now? I must be alone' (and I felt so grown up and worldly wise when I said it.) It was only 8:30 too, and Dad allows me to have company until 11:00. He was terribly surprised and that we'd had a fight. I didn't tell him any differently, either because—oh, you know Dad. I thought perhaps it might not agree with him. Girls, I just really tell you how it was, it was so wonderful," and Marian's voice trailed off into blissful memory.

Just as everyone was ohing and ahing, Dorothy joined the group. "Whatever is the matter with all of you girls?" she laughingly demanded. "You all look like you were in love; for goodness sake, Lou, where is he?"

"Oh, it isn't me, and Louise awoke from her romancing, "it's Marian."

"Marian?"

"Yes, Dorothy, we have a blossoming romance in our midst. Phil proposed to Marian last night, mind you, and oh, it's so terribly thrill——."

"Oh, ho, ho!" laughed Dorothy. "Was that what he was talking about?" and she nearly crumpled up laughing. "Oh, girls, it's so funny," she squealed. "Ha, ha, ha——."

"Dorothy Madison, what on earth are you laughing so about. I really believe you are going to have hysterics. For goodness sake, tell us what it's all about, so we can laugh, too."

When Dorothy had caught her breath she proceeded: "Well, you see last night I walked down to the drug store after a notebook. Just as I was leaving I met Phil. He looked like he had been through the war and managed to gasp, 'O, Dorothy,

I've done a dreadful deed. May I walk with you and try to walk off some of the effects?' Oh, oh, oh! isn't that too killing?"

Pandemonium reigns.
Curtain

TRROUBLES OF TOM CATT

By Neva Spence

It was the night of the Declamatory Contest! This thought brought pleasure to some and dark despair to others. Mostly dark despair tho, to the particular young man I am to write about. Thomas Obidiah Ethelbert Catt, commonly known as "Tom-Cat" in his neighborhood. Personally, Thomas Obidiah Ethelbert Catt, but with a mother who had "blue-blooded" ancestors the latter name was apt to fall on her "angel." Let me inform you right here that "Tom-Cat" was a very fitting name for this particular boy, for he knew all the places one of the most spry and experienced tom-cats would ever expect to know.

This does not explain how Thomas came to speak in the Declamatory Contest. It was this way: His mother, the distinguished Mrs. Diana Belle Catt, knew that her son was a very unusual boy (his teacher knew this too) so the problem of his career as a public speaker was discussed with her better half, Mr. Lionel Godfrey Smithers Catt. After an hour of heated discussion, it was finally decided that Thomas should become the aforesaid public speaker.

Bright and early Monday morning, Mrs. Catt and her son, Tom, were seen on their way to the school. Being escorted thusly to the hall of knowledge, of course created some excitement among the previous victims of paper-wads and pencil shavings thrown by the left hand of the ferocious "Tom-Cat" and whispers were heard among the masculine gender inquiring of each other whether lately Tom had put Jennie Pye's yellow pig-tail in the bottle of red ink on his desk or just what the reason was that his mother came with the young hopeful.

Mrs. Catt introduced herself as Thomas' mother and began her oration on "my husband and I" and "Thomas' talent as a

speaker" and ended upon "now what do you think about it?"

Personally the teacher though Tom a talented subject for the juvenile school but she was wise as all teachers are and encouraged Thomas as much as she had heart to do. Mrs. Catt was greatly pleased and went home with a brighter eye and lighter step. She could picture her son standing above all the other speakers and hear his sweet voice say, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is my greatest pleasure to be with you on this night——" and so forth through a great, long, epoch-making speech. Woe unto Mrs. Catt! How soon must she have broken spirits and blurred visions of her son's career.

Tom was not pleased with the idea of becoming a speaker but he was so humiliated about it that he kept his mouth closed on the subject. Besides, it was too late to object, for his mother had made arrangements with a high and noble elocutionist by the name of Miss Bates in that impossible hall of "know it alls" and "can't show us" people known as the Great and Glorious High School of the city of Blaine.

"Woe is mine," he murmured pitifully as he was handed an excuse slip to present himself before the noble personage afore mentioned. But the "meek will inherit the earth" must have been his thought instead of "treat 'em rough" when he lacked back-bone to object to the miserable proceedings.

To make this horrible episode shorter we will skip a period of time reckoned as two months. During this time Tom had been given a piece to speak the first thing on the night of the contest. We cannot tell what Miss Bates' thoughts were during these rehearsals but it was noticed that she was more particular than usual in her English classes after each visit made by the rising hero of this story.

The night came! Can it be that this freckle-faced boy of twelve in a new gray suit and patent leather shoes is the same piece of humanity we saw pounding the life out of George Washington Lincoln the day before? Yes it is, altho it is hard to believe.

In one of the wings of the platform the

curtain rises on a very excited mother patting her little boy's head and telling him to do his best and he will "bring home the bacon." Of course she didn't say it that way but in this day and age of misunderstood phrases we'll express our thought in this manner.

We begin to wonder where Miss Bates is. Woe and more of it. She has had a serious attack of verbal nouns, complicated with periodic sentences, followed by wild gasps of prepositional phrases. She was under the care of a doctor, of course; it could not be otherwise, in such a condition. It certainly was bad.

But the evening program opened with the audience singing, "America." Be prepared for the next great move of the infantry!

Master Thomas Obidiah Ethelbert Catt walked sublimely out from the left wing of the auditorium platform, hat in hand and overcoat buttoned as if he were prepared for a long journey. He was very conscious because of the titters of the audience.

He made a beautiful bow (learned from his mother) and started out. I mean he tried to speak. First he licked his rosebud lips and opened his mouth to say "Hear my commanding voice, ye mortals," but, "ye mortals" heard nothing but a few gurgles about "mear by vormanding voice, me mortals."

Really, I haven't the heart to tell how Tom got thru that ten minutes of misery. His mother was as white as a sick ghost, and his father was in nearly the same condition. It can't be explained how Tom felt when he walked off the platform and discovered himself attired in his overcoat and beheld his nifty green cap still in his hand. I tell you it was horrible!

It's no use to go further with the proceedings of the rest of the evening. The Catt family marched out the door and home without saying a word. An occasional sniffle from Mrs. Catt was the only noise that could be heard. But there was noise and plenty of it when the French door was closed.

"Thomas Catt, you have ruined your career and my reputation!" wailed Mrs. Diana Belle in tears. Mr. Catt took it

more easily and was more self-controlled. He merely murmured in a low voice, "Too bad, too bad." Master Tom, though, didn't know what to do. He sat down on the sofa and then walked in to the kitchen and back, then sat down again. He finally found his long lost voice enough to say, "Well, I guess I spilled the beans ma, and the game of a public wind jammer is called off on account of the rain."

GLEANINGS FROM THE ENGLISH CLASSES

HELL

By Loraine Caul

Hell, as pictured by Milton is a place prepared by God for those rebelling against his will and power. It is as far from heaven as three times the distance from the earth, the center of the world, to the utmost pole, a point on the world's circumference. Hell is a dungeon like a great furnace, but the flames do not seem to give out light; but rather darkness with just enough light to make visible the surrounding pictures of torture and woe. In hell there is a lake of liquid fire, but there is also solid ground made of fire, according to Milton. Pain, sorrow, woe, and torture are to be seen on all sides, while peace, rest, and hope are not possible to those unfortunate ones dwelling in this unhappy place.

SATAN AND MAC BETH

By Florence Snook

Satan and Macbeth are alike in so many ways and yet so different that it is hard to compare the two. I am afraid that there may be some prejudice against Macbeth because Milton has given us such an admirable Satan that we can hardly help but admire and prefer him to Macbeth.

Both Satan and Macbeth were too highly ambitious for their own good, therefore, they were both punished;—Satan deprived of his beautiful figure which he had in heaven and hurled into hell, and Macbeth deprived of all self and outside respect and killed in battle.

It is plainly seen that Macbeth and Satan were courageous but I think Satan's bravery the more to be admired of the two for

Macbeth required urging and at the end his courage failed. As yet we have no record of Satan's courage ever failing.

Both were very selfish and unrepentant. Although I think at the very end, deep down in his heart, Macbeth felt a tiny twinge of remorse yet that feeling was perhaps regret from having failed rather than remorse for having done wrong.

These two were both confident of themselves although it required quite a bit of praise and outside influence to keep up Macbeth's spirits and confidence.

Satan at least shows us that he has a degree of fairness about him because he gave God warning, while Macbeth shows the most detestable underhandedness by going so far as to invite Duncan to his house under the pretense of the best of friendship and then murdering him. This makes Macbeth's crime much more repulsive to us in the light of the fact that he was treacherous to his friends, while Satan carried on open warfare against God and as for his relation to man—certainly man was no friend of his.

Satan had foresight and it really was not necessary either because he had nothing to fear for the worst that was possible had happened to him, while Macbeth had no foresight whatsoever, and he needed it very badly for he had a life to come which he had to confront and should have looked forward to.

Macbeth was always asking advice of the witches and his wife, while Satan was very independent of everyone. This quality made Satan a good leader.

Satan had the ability to rise superior to circumstances. Macbeth crumbled hopelessly when it came to that. Also Satan was ready to make the best of what he had while Macbeth was always craving something more and was never satisfied.

Although perhaps it is not quite proper to say so I think that Milton has presented us with a Satan with such a character that we cannot help but admire him.

A RETURNED YANK

By Merle Van Epps

He returned to us from the war, on crutches and with almost snow white hair. The jolly smile, that used to be so char-

acteristic of him, and that poke in the ribs, that he always contributed generously to me,—was not there. Perhaps he got tired of smiling (after he first met the Huns) but, anyhow it was not there—that was what you noticed. His eyes did not sparkle as they used to; they could not look at you steadily but seemed to turn away with such a tired pleading look in them that it made a lump come into your throat, and you cursed the Huns and all the Kaisers there ever have been or ever will be. The empty sleeve hanging by his left side, the one that used to carry that quick, wiry, left hook, and the way his right shoulder dropped below the other in such a helpless manner—all these things together have made such a different man out of the boy we used to know.

DESCRIPTION

By Marjorie Beam

A little figure enveloped in a large worn shawl of gray was standing motionless near a pile of desolate ruins. Her large, hungry eyes seemed to be searching out the mangled pieces of rubbish which had once made up her home; and her thin waxen face looked as though she were at the age of fifty instead of five. Her hand, shadowlike and trembling, was holding the thin shawl about her slight shoulders; and altogether she presented such a starved appearance, one would think the slightest breeze would blow her off of her stockingless feet.

COMPARISON OF OLIVIA AND SOPHIA

By Russell Barker

Both Olivia and Sophia were quite beautiful young ladies but Olivia was much more striking than Sophia. She was more open and forward, more inclined to take command of a situation while her sister was shy and the sort of person who has to be sought for.

Olivia was somewhat of a coquette. She desired to have many lovers while Sophia's desires would be satisfied in one lover. Olivia's greatest fault was that she sometimes went too far, so great was her desire to please, while Sophia was so afraid that she might offend that she seldom displayed enough of her excellence. The

one was vivacious and gay while the other was serious and more sensible. Like all good looking girls both loved frills and finery and both possessed their share of feminine vanity.

CRITICAL REVIEWS

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

By Russell Barker

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade.
When spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When spring comes 'round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true.
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—Alan Seeger.

This prophetic poem by Alan Seeger, one of the best of our recent poets, has a depth of thought, and beauty of touch which contrive to give it an appeal most sensitive and delicate and yet in spite of this there is great moral strength and strong courage displayed throughout in the very attitude which the poet takes toward death. This is essentially a war poem and its mood is sad yet there is nothing morbid or ugly about it.

Most appealing and tender is the comparison in which the poet allows himself to dream a little of a death more pleasant than the one which has been meted out to

him wherein he might die "deep pillow-ed in silk and scented down," where love throbs out in blissful sleep," but he knows that his fate is different and even though he must meet death at midnight in a flaming town, nevertheless he has pledged his word and he will not fail to keep his rendezvous.

The poet's pictures of spring are all most subtle and airy. He tells of the spring which comes tripping north, which brings with it apple blossoms, meadow flowers, rustling shade and blue days and fair. Each descriptive phrase fairly bubbles with the gladness of spring. But does it not seem infinitely sadder; is there not a very poignant touch in the fact that the poet must meet death in the springtime, that he must give up his life on some scarred slope of battered hill when elsewhere there may be meadow flowers and apple blossoms? This idea is brought out strongly in the quick contrasts between spring and death and spring and the battle field.

Aside from its literary appeal there is an added interest in this poem because so clearly is the death of its author foretold, for when spring came round again Alan Seeger kept his rendezvous with death.

REMEMBERING NOW

By Margaret Sloss

Her face was like a brimming well
For a weary soul to drink of—
Not beautiful to look upon
But beautiful to think of.

—Maurice Samuel.

In the above four lines Maurice Samuel expresses again the thought, "Do not judge a book by its cover or a man by his face."

When one is in deep sorrow and needs comfort if he goes to just such a person as Samuel describes it will revive him just as a drink from a brimming well revives a man weary from fatigue.

This woman, you can tell instantly, has character and thought deep as "a brimming well" and when one looks at her one forgets she is not beautiful and thinks only of the beautiful thoughts that come from so clear and clean a soul.

She can always be depended upon when one is in sorrow or in need of help. Her beautiful character never changes as a person's beauty fades. She not only makes you feel better when you are near her but she leaves thoughts stamped on your mind which at spare moments you like to let your mind wander back to that you may pick out their hidden meaning.

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE SAYING NOW

An Irishman was captured by the Germans shortly after the battle of the Marne. In the prison camp it was noticed that he said the same thing to all the guards. Their curiosity was aroused and so they sent a person who could understand English as a guard.

This is what he said, "We Irish sure gave you Germans hell at the battle of the Marne." The guards then told him he would have to stop it, but instead he became worse. Finally he was given the choice of being shot or taking the oath of allegiance to Germany.

Pat thought a live Irishman would be better than a dead one so he decided to take it. After he had finished, he said, "Now am I a German?" "Yes," they replied. "And am I protected as a German citizen?" "Yes," was the answer.

"Say, those Irish sure gave us Germans hell at the battle of the Marne, didn't they?"

TEACHERS

By Fern Grover

(Sung to "Smiles.")

There are teachers that make us happy,
There are teachers that make us blue;
There are teachers that fill our eyes with
tear drops

As the heavens fill the grass with dew.
There are teachers that have a tender
meaning,

That the minds of none of us can guess;
But the teachers that fill our souls with
misery

Are the teachers of A. H. S.

1919 Annual! Jokes, Cartoons, Snapshots, Literary, Patriotic, School Activities and Pictures! Pictures!! Pictures!!!



Y. M. C. A. MEETINGS

January 29, the "Y" held their regular weekly meeting. A speaker could not be secured but Bible Study was arranged with Harry Brown as leader. After Bible Study the boys gathered around the piano and sang popular songs to Mr. Pollard's accompaniment. The attendance at this meeting was not large, only fifteen being present.

The next meeting of the Hi "Y" club was held Feb. 12. Prof. L. B. Schmidt, head of the History Department at the College spoke on "Lincoln and His Ideals." He brought out very clearly the idea that Lincoln during the Civil War was bent on preserving the Union above all else. This leads us to believe that if Lincoln were living today he would be heartily in favor of the "League of Nations."

In addition to this a short Bible Study class was held. Up to this time the class had been without a regular leader, but through the co-operation of the College Y. M. C. A., Horace Harper, a college alumnus, was secured. About twenty boys were present, the majority of them being upper classmen.

March 14, 15, 16, the Y. M. C. A. is planning to have a good delegation at the annual Older Boys' Conference at Ft Dodge. This conference was to have been held in December but was postponed until the later date because of influenza.

Y. W. PLANS

This year there are about 149 girls enrolled as members of the Y. W. and be-

cause of their support, the Y. W. has been growing more worth while and promises to continue to improve.

As spring is approaching the social committee has planned for some long hikes with plenty of wienies and buns to give us strength for the return journey.

The Y. W. has had many interesting meetings so far and now it is planning a party. Many of the girls want a "kid party" because the one we had last year was such a success. However, this has not been fully decided as yet, although we do know that a party is to be held soon.

If you're not a member of the Y. W. you're missing lots of fine activities. Think about it—and join.

FORENSIC CLUB

At the regular meeting of the Forensic Club Monday, Feb. 17, a discussion was held regarding the helpfulness of debating Loraine Caul, Carvel Caine, and Alford Carleton who have gone through hard training for debating led the discussion.

After this discussion Mr. Steffey talked to the members, telling them something of the plans for the coming year in regard to public speaking classes.

THE FORENSIC CLUB PARTY

"Will you go with me to the Forensic Club party at Mr. Steffey's residence at 8 o'clock?" said a boy to a girl or a girl to a boy.

"Oh, sure I will," and that's the way it started.

The games were more fun. Each one

received a heart with a number and a letter on it. Then all the ones with the same number got in a group and figured out the word that the different letters on the hearts spelled. Then when the word was decided the group acted it out. Next we all wrote slang for five minutes and can you believe it, but that quiet little Gertrude Reis got the prize—48 in five minutes. And what happened next. All the ones that drew a slip of paper with X on it had to give a vaudeville and I can assure you it was good. Now comes the funniest of all. The name of it was, "Ways to win a heart and ways to lose a heart," and listen boys, if any of the girls that portrayed "Ways to win a heart" get to acting as they did then, at school—oh! my, I'm sure you'll lose your hearts, and teachers, let me put you wise—if Mr. Steffy ever comes to school and winks at you—don't be alarmed because he is only thinking of how he acted when he portrayed the flirt in "Ways to lose a heart." But really I don't see how he could take the part so well without experience. Then we had another vaudeville and that concluded our program. Dainty refreshments were served and then, of course, we were all supposed to go home, that being the custom you know—but to tell the truth none of us wanted to.

THE HOME DECLAMATORY CONTEST

On the afternoon of February 21, the Home Declamatory Contest was held in the auditorium of the high school. The oratorical class was composed of Lura Woods, Helene Deane, and Joan Parsons, who won first place. Fern Grover, Faye Caul, Agnes Noble and Blanche Noble composed the dramatic class in which Fern Grover was given the prize. In the humorou class, composed of Mary Reed, Berniece Woodward, and Vera Grover, Vera was the winner. To her also was given the honor of being first over all, with the privilege of representing A. H. S. at the Sub-district Contest.

Miss Helen Marr Smith, of North Des Moines High School, was the judge.

Ames High School recognizes the interest shown in her by the business men

of the city and thanks especially the firms, Gus Martin Clothing Store, The Fair Store, and The College City Specialty Company, for the three five dollars prizes awarded to the winners in the various classes.

Not only the contestants but the school as a whole appreciate Miss Fickel's interest in and enthusiasm for the declamatory work in our high school.

CHANGE IN REST ROOM

A special assembly of the girls was held in the study hall Thursday evening, February 13th, to talk upon the question of the supervision of the rest room.

In the past there has been a teacher to do the supervising but the girls objected to this, for it has deprived them of all their freedom.

A plan was decided upon, in which the senior girls are to do the supervising. There will be two girls a week and if this is successful the plan will be carried thruout the rest of the year.

It is necessary to have the co-operation of all the girls to carry out this plan. The senior girls are willing to try to do their best and they ask that the other girls do not take advantage of their liberties.

Girls! We want to make this plan a success and keep a teacher out of the rest room. Won't you do your part?

SOCIETY

The teachers held their dance at the K. C. Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 11.

Grace Kimble entertained a few girls at her home, Thursday evening, Feb. 13, in spite of the rain. An evening of dancing and singing, interrupted by the fire, was followed by dainty refreshments which were served by the hostess.

Georgina Kirkham was hostess to about twenty-five girls at her home, Friday evening, following the Ames-Boone game. The house was beautifully decorated with red and yellow crepe paper and hearts. An evening of dancing was followed with delicious refreshments. The out-of-town guests were the Misses Frances Linebaugh, Yolanda Prosperi, Margaret Higby and Louise Abel of Boone, Jane Ball of Stuart, and Eleanor Faskitt, of Shenandoah.

Buzz Lang visited Lillian Sylvester in Nevada last week.

Lydia Tilden gave a luncheon Saturday noon in honor of her house guests, Frances Linebaugh, Margaret Higby, Louise Abel and Yolanda Prosperi of Boone. We should suggest some lessons in etiquette for some of the Ames girls, not mentioning whom.

The Kodi Camp-fire met at Alumni Hall Tuesday evening. A great deal of sewing was done and some work was done on the local honor beads.

Manning Howell was in Des Moines, viewing the sights of the city on Saturday February 15.

Frances Linebaugh, Yolanda Prosperi, Louise Abel and Margaret Higby of Boone spent the week-end with Lydia Tilden.

Eleanor Foskett of Shenandoah spent the week-end with Miss Thornburg. They attended the Boone game and Georgina Kirkham's party.

Jane Ball of Stuart spent the week-end with her sister, Miss Mary Ball. Some of the girls helped entertain her and she said she had a very enjoyable time.

The school-board has asked for more time to decide upon the question of high school dances. We hope they make the affirmative decision soon.

Miss Coskery spent the week-end in Des Moines visiting her parents.

It is rumored that Chevalier Adams expects to drive to Stuart some time in the near future. We wish him a good time.

Ruth Prall was in Nevada Saturday.

Bill Ricketts of Nevada attended the Ames-Boone game, and acted as time keeper.

Eleanor Murray spent the week-end with Georgina Kirkham.

Robert Potter attended church Sunday. They say this is an unusual event.

A large delegation from Boone attended the Ames-Boone game,—so large in fact, that there was hardly room for them all in the gym. Boone certainly has pep and we congratulate her.

Perspiring Pollard: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

1919 Annual! Jokes, Cartoons, Snapshots, Literary, Patriotic, School Activities and Pictures! Pictures!! Pictures!!!

Carolyn Crosby and Fern Grover have been working in the Forestry Department at the college on Saturday mornings.

A number of boys spent Sunday in Nevada. We hear the Nevada girls enjoyed themselves immensely but we think the Ames boys had better begin at home so we can have some news for the Spirit.

Amy Wheeler and Opal Hanson of Boone spent the week-end with Goldie Jacobson.

Minnie Lindauer spent the week-end with Ava Kulow in the country.

The Sixth period division of English I held a contest in the writing of formal notes on Friday. Helen Kingsbury took first place; Doris McCawley, second.

Mildred Gernes, Mildred Jack, Norma Haverly, Marian Smith and Lucille Nichols, after dancing and eating fudge at the Nichols home, went to the Princess, Wednesday evening, Feb. 12. We hear that Marian was very well chaperoned home.

Be prepared! Annual 1919.

SOME SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a barber shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back."

Sign in a news stand: "Empty boxes—suitable for Christmas gifts."

In a tailor's shop: "We dye for others, why not let us dye for you?"

In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."

"Bigger and better than ever."

"What is?"

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YOU MIGHT MAKE IT BREAK, A. V.

Aspiring vocalist: "Professor Pollard, do you think that I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Perspiring Pollard: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

NORTH EAST WEST SOUTH OF EXCHANGES

We have received several new exchanges during the last two weeks among which are some of the old standbys that make exchanging worth while. We have sent exchanges to the following:

"Observer," Decatur, Ill.
 "Bayonet," Plattsmouth, Nebr.
 "Pebbles," Marshalltown.
 "Bumble B," Boone.
 "Ah La Ha Sa," Albert Lea, Minn.
 "Oskaloosa O," Oskaloosa.
 "Dart," Ashtabula, Ohio.
 "Boomer," El Reno, Oklahoma.
 "Old Gold and Blue," Ida Grove.
 "Philo Phonograph," Sac City.
 "Spectator," Waterloo.
 "Comment," Keokuk.
 "Elgin Mirror," Elgin, Ill.
 "Pulse, Cedar Rapids.
 "Otaknam," Mankato, Minn.
 "Railsplitter," Lincoln, Ill.
 "Tatler," Colo, Iowa.
 "Torch," Doylestown, Pa.
 "Little Dodger," Ft. Dodge.

We have received the following College papers:

"The Simpsonian," Indianola, Iowa.
 "The Coe College Cosmos," Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"The Creighton Courier," Omaha, Nebr.
 "Penn Chronicle," Oskaloosa, Iowa.

"The College Age," Cedar Falls, Iowa.

The "Otaknam," Mankato, Minn., is an excellent paper. From the number of ads it has, its business manager must be a hustler.

The "Spectator," West High, Waterloo, Iowa, is one of the best papers on the list. It contains a great many stories and has some very clever ideas.

The "Boomer," El Reno, Oklahoma,

surely has a large number of stars in its service flag. If they do everything else as they enlist, things must move.

What is the matter with the "Tatler," Colo, Iowa? We had a few issues at the first of the year but have not had any for a long time. The paper was a good one and should have been continued.

Talk about classy papers, the "Railsplitter," Lincoln, Ill., is as good as any. An outsider can read the paper and enjoy it immensely.

STOP!

Physician: "Have you any aches or pains this morning?"

Patient: "Yes, doctor, it hurts me to breathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath."

Physician: "All right. All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

TRUE ENOUGH

Teacher: "Don't say, 'How it is rainin'! Pronounce your 'g.' "

Pupil: "I know, teacher. Let me say it."

Teacher: "Very well, say it."

Pupil: "Gee! How it is rainin'!"

REASONS FOR SOME FAILURES

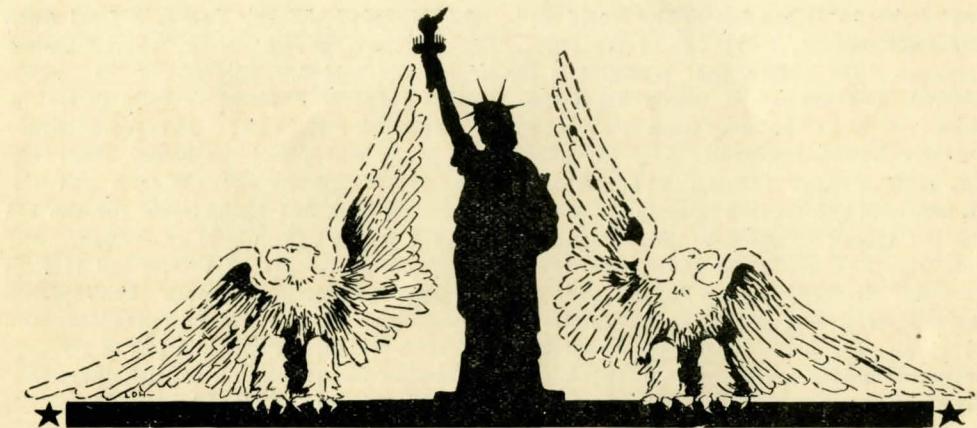
Laundryman—"Clothes competition."

Musician—"Unable to discount his notes."

Jeweler—"Too much time on his hands."

Builder—"Making up stories without foundations."

Be prepared! Annual 1919.



AN INTERVIEW WITH CHAS. NOWLIN

By Chevalier Adams

The other day when I was talking to Charles Nowlin, his experiences in the army seemed so interesting that I thought that I would bring directly to the high school from him some of his adventures. I have so far as possible to use his words.

"I sailed on the transport "Logan," July 4, 1918 from San Francisco. There were 2180 men of the Coast Artillery and Infantry on board. We sailed within 150 miles of Alaska by taking a great circle track to Japan. We landed at that island of the Japanese empire which is farthest north. It is called Yazo. The name of the city was Hakadeo. We were the first white troops that had landed there for thirty years. After four days of coaling we sailed for Vladivostock, Siberia, the trip taking 54 days. After reaching Vladivostock, Siberia, the troops were unloaded and put on the Trans-Siberia Railroad.

Vladivostock is quite an old city much shell-torn by the Bolsheviks and other armies going thru there to the front. The population is made up mostly of Japs and Chinese. It is a very dirty place, and the streets are narrow. There is only one street car. The buildings are of ancient design and made of stones. The highest building is only four stories tall.

After staying four months we sailed from Vladivostock and came to Nagasaki, which is the fastest coaling station in the

world, loading 2000 tons of coal in 24 hours by hand in small baskets weighing 20 lbs. Nagasaki is the most modern city in Japan.

Leaving Nagasaki we sailed to Longpole, Philippine Islands, one of the largest floating dry docks in the world. We were delayed there for six days while our vessel was being repaired. From Longpole we sailed to the city of Manilla carrying a cargo of sugar. We then loaded some troops coming to the U. S.

After eight days we sailed to Hong Kong China, which is a large city compared to those in America but they have not as many conveniences as we have. After loading 1000 tons of rice we sailed for Sydney, Australia, one of the finest cities in the world. The population is mostly made up of Spaniards and Australians. We remained in this city four days.

After loading beef we sailed for Honolulu which is quite a large city and is similar to those in the United States. It is not anywhere near the paradise of the world, but it is noted for its wonderful climate and its scenery. The Hawaiian people are a much larger race of people than the Americans and look more like Indians. There are a great number of Americans engaged in business there. The only kind of money in Hawaii is gold and silver. The people never have seen paper money.

One thing that Honolulu is noted for is her beautiful moonlight nights and her Hula-Hula girls. Waikiki Beach is

one of the finest beaches in the world and is surrounded by Kiliau one of the oldest volcanos. The reason that Waukiki is so great is because of its safety for swimmers, for a person can wade two miles without getting into water over his head. The greatest sport is riding the surf boards, on breakers and coming in about sundown. On the island of Hawaii the volcano at this time is the highest that was ever known. The lava is now flowing over all the land around it so that no one is allowed to go very close to it because of the poisonous gases and fumes that it is throwing out at present. The crater is about one mile wide containing nothing but red hot lava. At night all that one can see is the red flames flashing from it.

After staying at Honolulu for four days we sailed for San Francisco. Our trip back from Russia took 74 days. The whole trip was 24,874 miles."

**EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
FROM TED NOWLIN**

Surprised, are you, to hear from me again? I am really very much surprised myself to see how long it has been since I have written to you, but it is my hope that you are so well accustomed to my eccentricities that you will forgive me this time at least and from now on I will strive to do better.

And now for a review of my life since you last heard from me. To begin at the wrong end of the story of course, I am on an island, a real honest to goodness, sure enough island, which is stretched out along the coast of Florida about ten miles out in the gulf. "Stretched" truly describes this island for, although it is some fifty odd miles in length, its width is but scant two hundred yards at the widest point and at other spots so narrow one could toss a stone across with ease. "Santa Rosa" is its name, christened possibly by some romantic Spaniard in a flight of fancy. From its appearance one would scarcely consider it as deserving a name of any kind for it is sand, and nothing but sand, no trees, no grass or aught else; the only thing which breaks the

monotony of the sky line is a sand dune or two, overgrown with some stubby growth of weed. This island is really quite valuable however in spite of its appearance for it protects Pensacola harbor from the storm and the sound. Between the island and the shore is calm and provides an excellent flying place for the sea planes where the gulf is too rough. And at the western end of this island is Fort Pickens guarding the main channel to Pensacola. About fifteen miles east and directly opposite Pensacola is the gunnery school of the air station and it is here that I am at present stationed.

The gulf is the main object of interest for us and its sameness and monotony is appalling except for a white sail here and there, standing out with startling clearness against the blue sky. But when a "south-easter" blows up we have some very exciting times with this same gulf, for the great waves come sweeping up and over our poor little island as tho it wasn't there, at least this is how it appears to us at the time, and plays havoc with our tents and personal comfort, but now a strong embankment is in the process of erection which will probably protect us nicely so that we may enjoy our nights rest during the storms instead of running helter skelter about the island in pursuit of our personal effects which may be joyfully rolling away on the crest of some over ambitious wave. Of a necessity, during these nocturnal exercises our costume is apt to be noted for its brevity more than anything else and one is usually rather cool by the time he has recovered his lost articles and quite ready to return to the warmth and comfort of his bed. But all this is interesting and it is with sorrow that I note the raising of the embankment which will rob us of one of our few opportunities for pleasure. I generally take a plunge in the gulf each day and tho it is cold, it is quite a bit of fun and very invigorating too. They say that there are sharks in the gulf about the island but as we have never seen any we are not much bothered, I should like to see a shark, out of mere curiosity but I must admit that I should greatly prefer to be high and

dry at the time. There are numerous porpoises in the inner bay and on a bright day one may watch them rolling and tumbling about like overgrown puppies at play. Though porpoises are quite harmless they are the deadly enemy of the sharks and you will never find the two living together, so we know that the inner bay at least is free of sharks. I saw an alligator yesterday paddling down the coast in the sound, a big fellow he was, some twelve or fifteen feet in length and ugly beyond all imagination. He moved down the coast for about a quarter of a mile at a speed somewhat greater than a man can run and then crossed over to the mainland. As luck would have it no one had a gun near by and before we could bring one up he was gone, unscathed. This is the first one I have seen since I came south as for the most part they lie buried in the mud at this time of the year.

My work on the island is instructing as usual in the gunnery school here. I teach ground gunnery to student aviators and a few officers now and then and on the whole do not work myself to death. I have always been considerably disgusted to have the war end before I got into it and it didn't seem quite fair to me but I suppose there were many other people to be considered. But you know it is not a whole lot of fun to teach some one else to do something you want to do yourself. All is over now, so let it pass and hope for more luck next time. I suppose I shall get out of the Navy some time next summer and return to school although I am signed up for four years and should serve until 1921. I would be 21 then, it is horrible to contemplate such old age, isn't it, I'm sure I never care to grow old.

How are you, and the old school and all? It seems a very long time since I was there, nearly two years it is. And I shall certainly be glad to come back.

This is all I may write tonight as taps have sounded and soon the "jimmy legs" will be making his rounds and enforcing the lights out order so I must close.

Ted.

Be prepared! Annual 1919

**WE FELT GROGGY WHEN
WE READ THIS ONE**

He was probably the smallest "middy" in the navy, and one evening he was invited to attend a party in the saloon. He was such a little chap that the ladies had no idea that he was a midshipman at all, but took him for somebody's "dear little boy" in a royal all-wool serge. At last one of them, on whose lap he had been sitting, and who has just kissed him, asked:

"And how old are you, little dear?"

"Twenty-two," he said in a voice like a foghorn. Then the lady swooned.

GOOD POLICY

Pat and Mike, two journeymen who were on their way to a job, were obliged to halt their cart and make way for a funeral procession. While looking at it, Pat suddenly remarked: "I'd give \$500 to know the place where I am going to die."

"Well, and what good would it do if you did know?"

"Lots," said Pat, "sure, I'd never go near the place."

SUCH THINGS SOMETIME HAPPEN

When Lucile N. met Carolyn C. at a dance the other night, they began talking of one of the young men.

"I don't care for him at all," remarked Lucile N. "He's a regular bore."

"Indeed!" replied Carolyn C. "Why, I thought he was perfectly lovely."

"Well," said Lucile, "he yawned three times while I was talking to him."

"Perhaps he wasn't yawning," suggested Carolyn. "He may have been trying to say something, dear. You can't tell."

"Bigger and better than ever."

"What is?"

"1919 Spirit Annual."

HEAD LIKE A TACK

Senior: "Hey, kid, have you got a minute to spare?"

Freshie: "Yes, sir."

Senior: "Tell me all you know."



A THLETICS

BOONE 23; AMES 13

Of all the games played thus far this season by the Ames quintet, this one was the hardest fought and most evenly matched. It was a tussle which tested both strength and skill. The game started fast with both teams in the fray with their utmost speed. Ames scored first on a free throw which was thrown by McCarty, followed by a neat goal by Potter. Then the Boone team pushed forward and the teams raced neck to neck for victory through the first half. Successful formation plays, open floor tactics and strong defensive work were displayed by both visitors and locals.

Thompson's squad left the floor at the end of the first half with a lead of 9 to 7 after having battled their opponents to a standstill.

The Ames bunch continued their speedy fight at the opening of the second half but began slowly to weaken and become worn out under the constant, hot tormenting they were subject to.

Elliot and Scovel both played stellar games at guarding by time after time smearing up the offensive of the Boone aggregation. Likewise Potter, McCarty and Cornellussen exhibited excellent heady floor work. All five of them starred by their consistent playing, Elliot, McCarty and Potter utilizing some scientific basket shooting. McCarty and Moran were the individual point gainers and mainstays for the visitors.

The gymnasium was completely packed with spectators, most of whom supported the Ames players to the final whistle, hoping that Ames might take revenge on the victorious Boone bunch and trim them.

Line up and summary:

Ames	Boone	
McCarty	L. F.	Patterson
Potter	R. F.	Moran
Cornellussen	C.	McCartney
Scovel	L. G.	Grant
Elliot	R. G.	Thompson

Substitutions: Boone—Cox for Moran.

Field goals: Boone—Patterson 1, Moran 6, McCarty 2, Cox 2; Ames—Elliot 3, Potter 2, McCarty 1.

Goals from fouls: Boone—Patterson 1; Ames—McCarty 1.

Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Referee: Harper of I. S. C.

AMES 33—NEVADA 16

A regular football game was staged on the home floor when the locals walloped Nevada 33-16. Throughout the snappy contest, Ames out-classed their adversaries through continuous struggling. The game appeared to be a confusion of smashing, dodging and diving players playing their hardest. During most of the combat, the combatants were too intent on and eager for victory to let up any on their speedy pace.

Nevada started off fast, scoring the first basket, but Thompson's five readily go to their bearings and Elliot succeeded in reg-

istering three goals in quick succession; Potter and McCarty together following suit. The game continued while both teams showed increasing pep, aggressiveness and interest in the game. The half ended with Ames in the lead 19-9.

The second half began with a "Zip" and rush that insured a merry chase but soon our five gained the upper hand and offset all Nevada's hopes for victory. Nevada's greatest difficulty lay in the fact that she tried too long throws, she was slow in handling the ball and her passes were often wild. Never-the-less she showed her spunk to such an extent that Ames could not so easily triumph or to such an extent as many had expected. The defensive work of Boller, the midget, standing guard, and the offensive game of Armstrong achieved most for Nevada.

Elliot's unexcelled offensive and defensive playing was a feature of the game, securing more than half of the score for A. H. S.; several from difficult angles. Scovel showed his mettle by his plucky guarding and his exceptional ability for tearing in and grasping the ball from the visitors. The remaining Ames players showed a keen eye for caging baskets and excellent floor work.

Two second string players were run in near the close of the game, who showed what remarkable material we have besides our first team.

Line-up and Summary:

Ames	Nevada	
McCarty	L. F.	Armstrong
Potter	R. F.	Shaw
Cornellussen	C.	Peterson
Scovel	L. G.	Boller
Elliot	R. G.	Finnie

Substitutions—Nevada: McCard for Peterson. Ames: Thompson for McCarty, Gore for Potter.

Field goals—Nevada: Armstrong 3, Finnie 2, Shaw 1, McCard 1. Ames: McCarty 3, Elliot 9, Potter 3, Cornellussen 1.

Goals from fouls—Nevada: Armstrong 1, Boller 1. Ames: McCarty 1.

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Referee—Mackay of I. S. C.

**AMES' TEAM EASILY
WRESTS VICTORY FROM
HEAVIER PERRY QUINTET**

In a fast and steadily fought contest, the Ames five had little difficulty in winning from the Perry representatives by a score 59-16. Owing to the fact that Thompson's players were in their best trim and to the fact that two valuable men, McCarty and Hammond, who have recently returned to A. H. S. from service abroad, have been added, they played the husky Perry bunch ragged and ran them off their feet. Each Ames scrapper got his man and got him well, not allowing the ball to remain to any extent in Perry's hands. Thompson's men gained the lead in fight and score at the start of the game and the visitors failed to bring the scores to a somewhat respectable level through the remainder of the scrimmage, the score at the end of the first half being 26-5. Long throws tried by Perry were a detriment to them since Scovel continually intercepted the ball. The game was clean considering the amount of action there was with the exception of a little lack of sportsmanship on the part of Perry's substitute guard. The visitors put up a strong fight at the opening of both halves, but lost confidence in themselves, being assured that the game was lost and let up on their fighting streak. Reel and Smith, forwards, displayed an exceptionally good fight, besides tallying the total score for Perry.

Elliot and Scovel played the strongest defensive work, repeatedly chopping up the teamwork of their opponents. Potter with twelve baskets was the individual point winner for the locals, while Hammond, Elliot and McCarty gained nearly all the remaining points. Frequently the Ames players were unlucky in caging baskets, but beating Perry by a greater margin might completely discourage them, which would be shameful. Our team exhibited excellent teamwork, together with remarkable ability in throwing baskets.

With the proficient team that played this game, with the student backing shown at all the home games thus far, Coach Thompson says that the players will be "state beaters," who ought to make a good show-

ing at the coming high school tournament.

Lineup and summary:

Ames	Perry
McCarty	L. F.
Potter	R. F.
Hammond	C.
Scovel	L. G.
Elliot	R. G.

Reel	Smith

Substitutions:

Perry: R. McLuen for Veath.

Ames: Cornellissen for Hammond; Hammond for McCarty.

Field goals:

Perry: Smith 2, Reel 5.

Ames: Potter 12, Hammond 5, Elliot 7, McCarty 4, Scovel 1.

Goals from fouls:

Perry: Smith 2.

Ames: Elliot 1.

Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Referee: Harper of I. S. C.

AMES 26—INDIANOLA 25

Again we went, again we saw, and again we conquered. Encouraged by their victory over Perry on the night before, the team went to Indianola and repeated their performance but not to such a great extent. It was a battle royal for victory from the echo of the first whistle till the sound of the last. The score was fairly even and often tied during the game, the score being 12-11 in favor of the Orange and Black at the end of the first half. A few long ones dropped in by Elliot, McCarty and Hammond just before the close of the tussle saved and cinched the game for Ames. The Indianola five put forth strong opposition to Thompson's players and but for fast, heady and steady playing we would not have been victors. The teams as a whole played on comparatively even terms neither outshining the other to a great extent. Their players were about the same weight as those of our team. They were much better players than the teams that we have overrun on the home floor. The spectators went simply wild throughout the game. Ames gained a five point lead but lost it again and then gained back the one-point lead which was final. Baldwin and Harned were the main spokes in the Indianola wheel.

Teamwork and offensive work were displayed to an advantage by both teams. All the Ames players stayed with the Indianola players from beginning to end, each starring at his own game. Elliot and McCarty led the team on the offensive, netting ten points apiece, while Scovel did his best in smashing into their opponent's teamwork. Hammond and Potter rounded out the team, making use of excellent teamwork and fighting with all that was in them.

Line-up and Summary:

Ames	Indianola
McCarty	L. F.
Potter	R. F.
Hammond	C.
Scovel	L. G.
Elliot	R. G.

Substitutions—Harned for Boss; Carr for Sarggs.

Field goals—Indianola: Steel 5, Harned 5, Sterling 1, Sarggs 1. Ames: McCarty 4, Hammond 2, Elliot 5, Potter 1.

Goals from fouls—Indianola: Steel 1. Ames: McCarty 2.

Time of halves: 20 minutes.

Referee: Cline of Simpson.

Watch for the Annual subscription campaign next month.

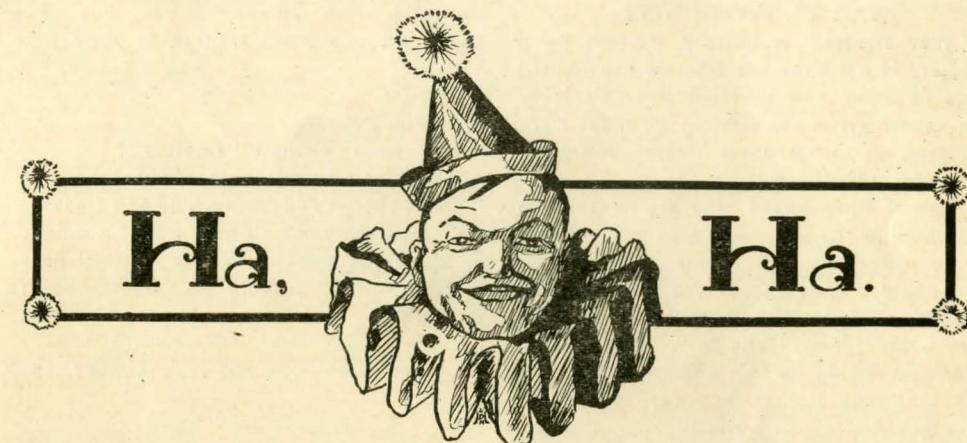
YOU SAID IT!

We are not mentioning any names but we hear that three girls and three boys in our H. S. went out riding on a recent Sunday evening. They ran out of gas and the girls went to a farm house until their heroes could go to the nearby city, Ontario, and secure the needed juice.

The little boys could not find any gas and feeling that the late hours of the night had a bad effect on them, they put out for Ames.

And where were the girls?? At the farm house; until, thru their own efforts, they secured a taxi to bring them home. Oh! Yes, A. H. S. is full of perfect gentlemen.

Are you ready for the Annual subscription campaign in April?



"HE DID"—"HE DIDN'T"

Eddie Did:

Eddie did take 4 girls to the show 2 nights last week.

Eddie did buy some candy.

Eddie did bring Dorothy a hunk of candy.

Eddie did buy a ring.

Eddie did go down town.

Eddie does like Miss Miller.

Eddie does like to be popular.

Eddie Didn't:

Eddie didn't go to Grinnell.

Eddie didn't take the girls to the Sheldon-Munn Sunday.

Eddie didn't walk up the street with Norma H. because he met Marie M.

Eddie didn't get rid of it.

But he didn't stay there—Mama interfered.

Doesn't like French.

Who foots the bills?

PUT SOME WATER ON IT

Two Irish plumbers from one of the southern states decided that they would enjoy a bit of sport on the occasion of the "opening of the reed bird season." They were provided with tremendous game bags and as it was their first experience they were happy.

Suddenly Callahan spotted a bird, and taking very careful aim, prepared to fire the fatal shot. But Casey seized him by the arm, crying frantically, "Don't fire, Callahan, don't fire! You've forgotten to load yer gun!"

WHY NOT CALL IT SMITH?

Stranger: "Have you seen anyone around here with one leg named Jones?"

Soph: "What's the other leg's name?"

WHY NOT GET A CABBAGE?

Ambitious Freshie: "I'm going to get ahead."

Wise Soph: "You surely need one."

SOME OF 'EM NEED

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"Why have you spelled every word in this joke with capital letters?" asked the editor.

"Because it's a capital joke," replied the joke editor.

Mr. Pollard in chorus: "Keep your voices light as every girl can. (Begins to sing.) "Here I am showing you how. Therefore I must be a girl."

Be prepared! Annual 1919.

WAR VS. MATRIMONY

"War Brides," a fantasy written by a soldier, is a clever treatise on the similitude of army and married life and from the aspect given the subject he must have received an inspiration from DeBeck's "Married Life."

Several have asked why we refer to marriage in the same sense as war. There is no difference. A fellow meets a girl and decides that she is the woman to "battle through life with." You "present arms"; she "falls in." You talk it over and decide on "an engagement." At the marriage license bureau, "sign up." The minister "swears you in."

There are only a few "skirmishes" during courtship. The real fighting starts after marriage. That's when a man thinks he's a colonel, but finds he's only a nut. In the home as well as on the battlefield they use "hand grenades" such as flat irons, pots, pans and rolling pins. The wife is usually a great "rifle." She rifles her husbands' pockets every night, she takes all your large money and "confines you to quarters." Whether you have done anything or not she always has you on "mess detail." She makes her "counter attacks" in a department store, and she knows how to "charge."

She is your commanding officer and you are her supply officer. In the trenches fighting lets up once in a while, but with the Home Guards it never ceases. You hold but one important position and that is paymaster—you pay for your mistakes in marrying.

The fiercest fighting is yet to come. Wait till the infantry arrives, instead of "shouldering arms," you shoulder baby. On the battlefield the shell may screech and scream but they have nothing on the kid.

You get your "walking papers" every night. This is the only "hiking" you do.

War has another advantage, you only sign up for four years. There is no clause like that in your wedding certificate. You can get exempt from war on account of marriage, but you can't get exempt from marriage on account of the war. In Europe you get a "gas mask" to protect

yourself from poisonous gas, but you don't get one when talking to your wife.

—Exchange.

Can You Imagine:

Georgena without "Buettey"? Dorothy Gruwell with a date? Miss Coskery bringing a dog to class? Ivadell Ellwood talking about a man? Miss Ball remembering a History date? Mr. Steffey making announcements in assembly?

Eventually—why not next month? 1919 Annual.

THEY FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS

"He's a perfectly gentle horse if you are careful to keep the rein off his tail," said the horseman to two girls.

When the girls returned he asked how they got along.

"Splendidly," they replied. "We had quite a hard shower but we took turns holding the umbrella over his tail so there was no real danger." —Exchange.

YOU BET

Mr. Steffey was standing behind Carolyn Crosby in Typewriting 3. As Fern G. was on her way to the office Carolyn grabbed hold of her leg.

Mr. S. to Fern, in hall: "Wouldn't it have been funny if she had grabbed hold of me instead of you?"

Undoubtedly so, Mr. Steffey.

Are you ready for the Annual subscription campaign in April?

IT'S ALL THE SAME

"I just read," said Hokus, "about a man who lives on onions alone."

"Well," replied Pokus, "a guy that lives on onions ought to have to live alone."

(In American Hist.) Ermina Beaman: "The soldiers at Valley Forge were without food and clothing all winter."

RED IS BLUE

Miss Ball in History: "Yes, Lewis and Clark followed down the Columbia River which flows into the Mississippi River."??

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"Serves You Right"

LOGICAL

Jim: "I think I'll marry a doctor's daughter so that I can be well for nothing."

Jack: "Why don't you marry a preacher's daughter so that you can be good for nothing?"

Watch for the Annual subscription campaign next month.

WE HAVEN'T A THING TO SAY

Ivadel E. (Coming into room): "Where is Miss Coskery?" and she directly appeared. "Speak of the devil and he doth appear."

WE WONDER

Miss McWilliams: "You need not stand when you rise." (I wonder what she expected us to do?)

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TWIN STAR THEATRE

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

Gaby Deslys in
"INFATUATION"
Her beauty costs a king his throne.

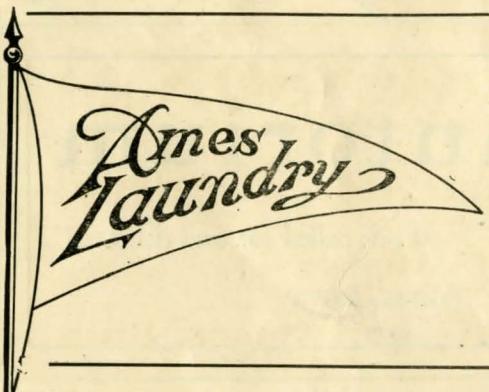
SATURDAY

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Louis Bennison in
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WE'D SAY 1800 SECONDS

Carl Wilson (in Biology): "Is the milk to be boiled from thirty minutes to a half hour?"

Eventually—why not next month? 1919 Annual.

HOW TRUE

Many people would reform if they were not expected to refund.—Life.

Eventually—why not next month? 1919 Annual.

There was a young lady named Mort,
Who thought she would like to take Hort.

So to college she went,
With this great intent,
Sure, she's a jolly good-sport.

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With auburn red hair,
This beautiful maiden, Priss.

There was a young lady named Ruth
Who was minus a very large tooth.
Her jaw, it sunk in,
Which was a great sin,
For the dear little lady named Ruth.

There was a young lady named Toot,
Who debated and flirted, to boot.
She denied poor Miss Fickle,
Which put her in a pickle,
This great debater named Toot.

There was a young lady named Jerry,
Whose eyes were as red as a berry,
From tears shed for Burt,
That impish young flirt,
This poor little girlie, named Jerry.

—Fern Grover.

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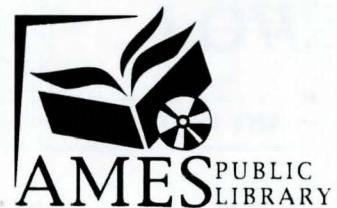
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